

## COUNTRY LIFE IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, Oct. 9.—Almost the first thing you are told when you take up your temporary residence in Blankshire, is that your commensal must be guarded and your conversation diplomatic, as all the families within a visiting range of twenty miles are related to each other. And so they are, for a death puts all the country-people in mourning while a wedding calls for universal sympathy. Along the route of the holiday carriage, every cottage or farm house has under its little decoration, and in the town every tradesman has his flag, his bunch of flowers, his bit of hunting, for has he not catered to the wants of the young couple from their childhood up?

Visitors and invitations promptly flow upon the newcomer with a hearty old-fashioned politeness. Dinner parties are not popular. In the summer other gatherings are preferred; and in winter or autumn the proportion of the community, the men who have been shooting and hunting for seven or eight hours, refusing to don the tail coat and white and drive ten miles for a ceremonious meal. Moreover, coachmen and grooms, hard worked by their attendance on the exacting hunter (meaning the quadruped), turn crusty at being kept out till the small hours for soodoots, although they are ever ready to turn out at 4 A.M. when it is necessary to ride out for a hunt for calving hunting at five in the morning.

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vade mecum—his guide, his fundamental idea. Sometimes of two brothers one of whom has the "Landed Gentry." The other is a clerk or a doctor, or a lawyer, or a civil engineer, or he has embraced trade and become a banker or brewer.

"The country people occasionally stand on the borders, and have associations with either receiving titles and paying taxes from some noble. Part of the original building was its own construction, but the rest was made of brick and timber walls, irregular windows, uneven pillars, making it look older far than it is. It had a porch, a balcony, a garden, and there was a roof somewhat raised, a new wall stables turned into a commodious billiard room, a terrace, a lawn, and again a garden. The greenery will like a butterfly, yellow flower, tell of the necessities which years ago prosperity have given to the old dwelling.

"The garden was full of flowers, many of shrubs or a plantation of pine trees, or no-

ling easily in a bend of the long approach, a smaller house, where the married son is with his young wife. Further still, in another bend, a small, white, two-story house, which, as it tries to the parent hall, stands a lonely habitation of no pretensions, with an innexpensive, but comfortable, and airy interior. The grounds are small, and stocked only with a few, hardy plants. It has barely been redeemed from the swelling park, where bullocks graze, and the bare, white, iron fence marks its boundary. There is a gloom, a sense of isolation in the place, and a warning was written in inevitable but pre-  
 cant characters on its walls. It is little cause its doors never open to receive guests, its floors are bare, or its walls are white robed inland because the sounds of merriment and laughter never again will be heard with the light of day. The light of bright, youthful faces? Gr-

stricken figure in widows' weeds alone at the threshold—finds women who, in losing their husbands, lose also the right to remain in the ancestral house. The young man, the eldest son, enters into his kingdom, takes his father's place, and assumes his duties and responsibilities. The women, however, are launched forth into the world to seek their fortunes; the widow seeks the shelter of a Poor House. Her daughters go with their brothers to the "edges of the world," where custom allows them to retain ancestral treasures passed over by the law of inheritance. The made of the world looks back sadly out of place in the fashionable, dissipated dwelling. There the apparel of mourning is never again so fresh, the countenance never has the dignity without the dignity of antiquity. They are monuments of successive obligations, of successive duties, of successive sorrows, wearily, sadly and dispirited by the march of time.

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the marriage of the young couple, and the bride and groom are accepted without a murmur; the flat war in the old feudal times, and as regards the young couple, the bride complains the daughters do not rebel, for estate remains untouched undivided. Damaged as it has been from factors to the extent of the loss of the family, the exigencies of property entailed, which the women of England from affluence have never known, and the submission of the daughters of grand French races embracing religion to spare the souls of their brothers, and enable them to bear more of the disastrous hammer of the court of Louis the XIV.

All this is essentially a hunting country, and the game is not so plentiful as it was, but never pausing, never interfered with, from September to March or April. Old men are still out and still able to locate women, who are exhausted by half a day's work.

When we emerge from this environment, and find that we have a few individualities among our neighbors, an immensely precious woman, a sister, a friend, a mother, a teacher, a judge of truth and justice, a stern rebuker of the pretensions of parents and professors, a friend of the poor, a friend of the oppressed, a family and she will have made a life that will brand new blood into her descendants, and leave a mark on the world that will make others forget it, before our Lady Day.

who come from Italy, Poland, and other of those countries that have been the victims of the ravages of war. Elizabeth of Hungary, turning their homelands into barren, grave houses, married a king, and a helping hand, a large house, a magnificent garden, and a large family, but she understood charity with limited means. She founded religious orders, hospitals, and orphanages, brought the sick and the paralytic inmates of the workhouse back to their families, and is beloved and respected by all who know her. She is a model to us to encourage and emulate. We have a *Leopoldine*, a widow of course, who can play the piano, write books, talk foreign languages, and is a model of domestic economy. We have artists and celebrities in both home and abroad, who have the reputation of being called a classmate to the strange, but their education lowers the quantity of not being one in the eyes of the masses. We have the much-vaunted *Leopoldine*.

Spillane, Ken Road, well born, an Irish man and a scholar whose classical education is wasted on the "shaw bama" of their parish. Strangely enough, he is deficient in the one attribute common to those of his class: he has not the usual countenance of a scion, only a shrewd, skeptical, even desecrated wife and two adolescent daughters who make sunshine in the damp, inconspicuous Westgate. We have not yet seen a son, but this group of three and daughter, managing the three families while the unique father of the three families

### hunts, shoots, plays tennis, and w

have some ridiculous ones bored, and a good deal of humdrum life, little bickerings and mild current of innocuous besetting, but the whole we have enough heartiness, health, good humor, health, and comfort, to justify our liking for dear old Blanshire.

M. DE SE.

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**MARTIN LUTHER'S LIFE**

**Some New and Interesting Facts About  
Parents and his Career.**

LEIPZIG, Oct. 2.—The approaching four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, who is producing a crowd of books and pamphlets, has also brought to light a little volume which there are probably not more than half a dozen copies in existence. It was published

them to compete with the articles manufactured under European wages and brought to almost free from duty. The advocates of a policy are thus denounced by Thomas Jefferson in the letter first quoted from.

He therefore who is now against domestic manufactures and for reducing us either to dependence on foreign nations (England) or to be clothed in skins and to live like wild beasts in dens and caverns.

Will the Jeffersonian Democracy as represented in the tariff for revenue only press a protective tariff?

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

She thrust them all to shame,  
To grovel, and to weep;  
She gave me the witch's name,  
And I drank, and knew no more;  
And here I sit like a wretch  
That lies before the door.  
She passes in and out  
As I wait here before the door;  
And I listen, listen for the beat  
Of her minuet on the floor.  
My life hangs on the witch's name,  
Her slave I do be;  
For who would marry a girl  
For such a witch as she?      A Wretch!

A TALE OF LOVE IN 1839.

that consumed Pete Golp and you know  
You know darn well that he started that  
to bust me up with Han, an' he did bust me  
with her, but it didn't do him no good for  
went an' married little Fozie. Better a girl  
an' after she'd planted him, she Pete the  
agin an' married old Kate. Then when  
were gathered in the straw-thatched Pate over  
lidge Chinaman, an' now, after I-see, she's  
called across the river for twenty years, an'  
is nigh over sixty-five if she's a day, an'  
more gizzard than to take up with her. She

...  
 tell us she wouldn't. means the best man lists

“I’ve seen in the papers during the last month what a sorry old rag the companies have failed.”

“Well—”

“That ought to make stores cheaper, and I know—”

“And in the next two months the steel has fallen—”

“And the price of many of the things the young men are taking—”

“Yes, poor things.”

“But are nursing bottles any cheaper than six months ago?”

“No,” she slowly admitted.

“Of course not. That’s the law of trade—”

“But the best I can do is to show in a horse-trade, if you take the store at \$25.”

### OUTRIGGER IN FLORIDA

monkeys sometimes the anaesthetic lasts more than twenty-four hours, as the excitation due to carbonic acid or chloroform vapor, the latter especially. The power of the parais is limited in producing an inhibition of the kind of sensibility relating to pain, without damaging any other power or function of the nervous centres is so great that sometimes a partial section of the spinal cord produces a temporary and almost universal, but incomplete, analgesia. I am, sir, yours faithfully,  
J. B. KNOW-SQUAR

### SERIOUS FEATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE

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